

Daily Nevada State Journal.

C. C. FOWNING, Editor and Proprietor.

THANKSGIVING.

One day out of each year have the American people set apart as a time in which they shall unitedly return thanks to the Almighty Ruler, for the many beneficences which he has granted them, and for the property that has attended them as a people during the past year.

Therefore to-day, which is the one designated, a free nation's thanksgiving, in the forms of psalms, anthems and prayer, will ascend as incense to the Great Throne, in grateful acknowledgement of past mercies and the good and the beautiful fruits of life that have been lavished upon them.

It is peculiarly fitting that the American people should have such a day. While England has her millions of hungry, while the wall of starving Ireland rises as famine's giant specter stalks abroad in the land; while tens of thousands of Russia's brave, loyal hearted men moulder in Siberian prisons, while there is misery in thousand fold forms among the other powers of the earth, the sun shines on this Western land upon a race the like of which the world never saw before. Happiness, peace, prosperity and contentment are the aspects of its civilization. A government of, by and for the people. A sovereignty whose entire duty is to contribute to the felicity of its subjects. Where has there ever existed another like it?

The Fourth of July the American people dedicate to the keeping perennial the sacred fire of liberty and patriotism that made them what they are. The glory and deeds of their forefathers are then commemorated. The flame of loyalty and love of country is stirred in every breast, and the people feel the passion of thankfulness that they are Americans. But on Thanksgiving day another sentiment is inspired. A feeling that they owe the better conditions surrounding their lives to the hand of the Creator of all. And thus it is proper that there should be songs of praise, prayer and thanksgiving. Families united. The wanderer return home. Feasting and joy reign and charity to think of the less fortunate, for there are many who are without even bread.

Exercised His Senatorial Prerogative.

Senator Ireland Stanford passed through Reno yesterday morning. He left San Francisco Tuesday in despite of a summons from the Superior Court to appear before it and testify to an alleged violation of the election laws, with which he is charged by ex-State Senator P. J. Murphy. Senator S. Ireland exercised his official prerogative and signed an affidavit which stated that he was called to Washington by his Senatorial duties, and that unless he started Tuesday he would not arrive in time for the opening of Congress on next Monday. Senator Stanford will probably be examined by a commission.

The death of August Belmont removes one of the most notable figures of New York financial life. No one ever questioned the shrewdness or the enterprise of Belmont, but what was often questioned was his tact and his manners. With his great success came a purse-proud manner which made him very unpopular, and he never seemed to get any insight into American character. He retained most of his foreign prejudices to the end of his days, among which was a bitter hatred of newspapers, but on the other side may be registered liberal patronage of artists and genuine desire to aid all deserving charities. His art gallery was one of the few in New York thrown open at regular intervals for the benefit of charity.

The two Johns Hopkins students who fought a duel Saturday were even more prudent than the average French duelist. They fought with pocket revolvers at forty paces. Of course no one was hurt. That would have been almost impossible except by accident, and the principals saved both their honor and their skins. It is a good thing that the duel is growing ridiculous. It will be laughed out of the court of honor.

The British Chancellor of the Exchequer is reported to have suggested to the Bank of England the issue of £1 notes payable in silver. As the lowest present notes of the bank are £5 payable in gold, this looks like a movement toward bimetalism, which many English financiers have been urging for some time past. It will help us to raise the price of silver.

Wilson W. Agar, once a millionaire, but later almost reduced to poverty, died at Grover's Hotel at Elmira, N. Y., six weeks ago. He confessed before death that he killed several years ago Charles Selwin, of Pittsburgh.

John L. Sullivan is an ornament to the stage. He got drunk recently and kicked the back of his manager. What he needs is the chance to play a long star engagement in some well-disciplined penitentiary.

Sueci has passed twenty days of his fast. He will doubtless not eat turkey to day as he has several years yet to wait before he can sit down to even a soda cracker.

The San Francisco Alta says a clam knows when to shut up. The Stockton Republican says the Alta is not a clam.

The World's Fair managers have voted to request the management of the Fair to close the show on Sundays.

An explosion occurred in a London colliery near Bolton yesterday, by which eight miners were killed.

A Hopeful Sign.

WASHINGTON (D. C.), Nov. 26.—The War Department this morning received news that the Cheyenne Indians have abandoned the war dance. They have come in for their rations, and this is regarded as a hopeful sign of an abatement of the excitement. Twelve hundred scouts have related, and it is hoped this will exert a strong peaceful influence through the family and tribal relations.

A special from Pine Ridge says an order was issued this morning postponing the beef issue until tomorrow, and ordering all strangers, except newspaper correspondents, off the reservation. About 6,000 Indians are swarming in and about the agency, and a hundred more Indians are being sworn in as police.

An Atrocious Crime Committed at Wells, Nev.—The Murderer Arrested.

WELLS (Nev.), Nov. 26.—The body of a man was found this morning in the sagebrush, near the Clover Valley road, with a bullet hole through the head and his throat cut from ear to ear. By papers found on his person his name is supposed to be Louis Loessere, and has been a hotel cook at Ogden, from which place he came yesterday morning. He left Wells yesterday in company with a young man named Ben Morris, who borrowed a team and returned late in the evening. Morris skipped on train No. 2, and was arrested at Winnemucca. Morris remarked to a party when he came back that he had killed a man, and was well healed.

Harvard Students Celebrate Their Recent Victory Over Yale.

Harvard students had a torchlight procession with fireworks Monday night to celebrate their football victory. When President Eliott's house was reached he made a speech congratulating them on their victory, and also on the play of Yale. He said the most satisfactory thing about the game was the magnificent rally of Yale. The statue of John Harvard was draped in red bunting and everything about the college was red, except the books.

A dispatch from Warsaw states that the mother of one of three young soldiers who were executed by General Gourko, the Military Governor, on a charge of murder, of which they were innocent, has gone insane. The day after the execution the real murderer surrendered himself. General Gourko is much affected.

Roll of Honor.

The following is the Roll of Honor of Huffer's School District for the month ending November 21, 1899: Carrie Avenue, 97; Willie Calligan, 93; Lillian Campbell, 100; Edith Campbell, 95; Bettie Cooper, 98; Hattie Cooper, 90; Arthur Cooper, 94; Charley Cooper, 90; Philip Eie, 94; Katie Fretto, 93; Rosa Fretto, 99; Daisy Holcomb, 100; Richard Holcomb, 100; George Holcomb, 98; Maud Lyell, 98; Lulu Lyell, 100; Lucy Lyell, 100; Alfred Longley, 95; Lizzie Longley, 99; Lulu Sherman, 97; Beatie Wright, 100; Willie Wright, 96. MARY E. DAVIES, Teacher.

Roll of Honor.

Following is the report of Brown's school for the month of November, 1899: Carrie Nelson, 99%; Christina Nelson, 99; George Delabanta, 98%; Dotie Burke, 97; Willie Burke, 97; Mary Ferratta, 96; Henry Nelson, 95%; Heila Nelson, 95%; George Nelson, 94; Johnnie Wright, 93%; Annie Milotte, 93%; Frank Lofthouse, 93; James Wright, 93; Jimmie Burke, 93; Roy Wright, 93; Guy Harden, 90. Neither absent nor tardy during the month: Christina Nelson, George Nelson, Heila Nelson and Johnnie Wright. MARGARET WRIGHT, Teacher.

More Cattle.

R. W. Minto is in from the north with 350 head of steers and heifers that are fat and fine. They were eleven days in coming, and are for sale. Mr. Minto says that about eleven out of the cattle in Surprise Valley. Low Clark is on his way in with 100 head.

Wonderful.

We are pleased to announce that the McKinley bill has not raised the price of postage stamps—Exchange.

N. B.

NOTA BENE

Take Notice!

MARK WELL!

JUST LOOK AT THIS!

Lots in the Powning Addition from \$200 to \$250 Each.

The Most Desirable Location in Reno for Beautiful Homes.

No other tract offers such inducements to home-seekers of moderate means, or those seeking a safe and profitable investment.

Particulars at the JOURNAL office.



DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS

A prominent physician calls the pellets "an elegant purgative for women." He says, "I have to commend it to all who are afflicted with constipation. It is a most valuable remedy for women, and is a most valuable remedy for men." It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturer, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded.

World's Dispensary Medical Association, proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

NEW SHOP OPENED!

I HAVE OPENED MY NEW BRICK SHOP, ON Fourth street, next to Parry's stable, and have the most complete shop in the town. I am prepared to do

LIGHT AND HEAVY BLACKSMITHING,

In all its branches, and woodwork of all kinds.

CARRIAGE PAINTING

In the highest style of the art.

I have engaged one of the best horse-shoers in the State, and can do any and everything in my line. I also have

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, WAGONS

OF ALL KINDS FOR SALE.

I have engaged ROBERT BUNOELL to do Job Work of all kinds

Work Done at a Low Figure for Cash

A. NADON.

WINDSOR and NEWTON'S

Artists' Materials.

FRESH GARDEN SEEDS AND

TOILET ARTICLES,

GO TO—

HODGKINSON'S DRUG STORE,

Virginia Street, Reno

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

SOUTH SIDE IRRIGATING CANAL COMPANY

And is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of said company will be held on

Saturday, December 6, 1899,

At the office of the Secretary, in the Court House in Reno at 7 o'clock P. M., for the election of Trustees for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. JOHN B. WILLIAMS, Secretary

Reno, Nevada, November 18, 1899

A. NELSON,

DEALER IN—

Cigars, Tobacco, Smokers' Articles, Stationery, Notions, Etc.

A Fine Stock of Men's Underwear and Gloves Constantly on Hand.

West Side of Virginia St.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 27, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

W. O. H. MARTIN.

W. O. H. MARTIN, DEALER IN—
Shelf Hardware, Bar Iron, Barbed Wire, Steel, Cumberland Coal, Lime, Plaster, Cement, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, Buckeye and all Other Kinds of Machine Extras a Specialty. GROCERIES, LIQUORS, TINWARE AND CROCKERY. Commercial Row, Reno, Nevada.

F. LEVY & BRO.

TAKE ADVANTAGE

—OF—

OUR GREAT PREMIUM SALE,

Of our New Stock

—OF—

DRY GOODS and CLOAKS.

PRICES LOWER THAN EVER.

F. LEVY & BRO., Reno, Nevada.

FOR FINE

JOB WORK,

Call at the Journal Office.

MISCELLANEOUS.

G. NOVACOVICH H. J. BERRY.

BERRY & NOVACOVICH,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

STAPLE AND FANCY GOODS

GREEN AND DRIED FRUIT,

Vegetables, Hardware, Crockery, Glassware

TOBACCOES, WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

All the novelties in Fancy Groceries. No need to send away for choice goods. Cash trade solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

RENO LIVERY AND FEED STABLE

Opposite the R. R. Depot, Reno.

J. A. POTHOFF, PROPRIETOR

Horses, buggies and saddle horses

—TO LET—

Best Turnouts Constantly on Hand.

Horses Boarded by the Day, Week or Month.

RENO & TRUCKEE MARKETS.

W. S. BAILEY, Propr.

Wholesale and Retail Butcher

FRESH BEEF, MUTTON, PORK,

veal and sausage constantly on hand.

Ham, Bacon and Smoked Beef a Specialty.

Main Office—Truckee Market Virginia St. Reno. Reno Market—Second door from Masonic Building, Commercial Row

O. Gilling, President. W. S. Bender, Vice Pres. Wm. Honr. Secretary. First Natl Bank, Treas. and

RENO MILL & LUMBER CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER,

Wood Turnings,

Windows, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings,

Pickets, Shingles, Etc.

APPLE BOXES A SPECIALTY.

SU LEE,

THE PIONEER CHINESE WASHMAN, IS

now in his new quarters, near Pothoff's stable orders for washing and ironing promptly attended to.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PALACE

—IS—

RENO'S LEADING HOTEL

—IT HAS—

Light Sunny Rooms,

Restaurant Attached,

Fine Billiard Parlor.

EVERY ATTENTION PAID TO GUESTS. For the most comfortable and accommodating attendants in every department. The house is first-class throughout, is open day and night, and every attention is shown to the guests. AL WHITE.

A NEW STAGE LINE.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, JULY

1st stage will be run daily, Sunday excepted to Chat, Summit, Rockwood, Mohawk, Johnstown, Plumas, Rockwood, Oronburg, Quincy, Crescent Mills and Greenville, carrying

Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express

—FROM—

RENO,

Will leave Reno at 8 A. M. T. K. Hymers will do temporary service between Reno and Chat.

Orders left at his office in livery stable will be promptly attended to. E. A. HALSTEAD.

PACIFIC BREWERY,

Reno Soda Works and Granite

SALOON.

J. G. KERTH,

—Successor to George Becker—

Beer by the Glass, Quart, Bottle or Keg at shortest notice.

Best Lager Beer of the Best Quality always on hand. Orders from the country receive prompt attention.

Commercial Row, Reno Nevada.

CARRIAGES AND PHAETONS.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED THE FINEST LOT

of double and single Carriages, Buggies and Phaetons ever brought to this market.

—Agent for the Celebrated—

Studebaker and U. S. Carriage Co.,

OF OHIO.

—A Fine Assortment of—

FRAZER CARTS AND BUGGIES.

I also carry a large stock of Iron Axles and Hardware in endless variety, and do

A General Blacksmithing Business.

Shop, corner Fourth and Sierra Sts. Reno Nevada. Give me a call and be convinced. J. L. LEE.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DENTISTRY.

DR. E. A. FREDRICK, formerly of Virginia City, and graduate of the Lehigh and Berlin Dental Colleges, has permanently located in Reno, and can be found at his dental parlors in FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, Rooms 13 and 14.

Dr. Fredrick has a complete outfit of the latest improved instruments and will guarantee to do nothing but the best of work. Jolt

BENJ. CURLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office in First National Bank Building, Reno, Nev. my26

CHAS. A. JONES.

ROBT. M. CLARKE

CLARKE & JONES,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

Office, Virginia St., in Powning's New Brick Building.

H. L. FISH,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER.

Deeds and other papers drawn and acknowledged in accordance with the laws of Nevada. my26

DR. H. BERGSTEIN,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and ACCOUCHER.

Office—Rooms 1 and 3 Standard's Block Virginia Street, Reno. Residence—O. rear Chestnut and Second Streets, Powning's Addition.

DR. M. A. GREENLAW,

DENTIST

ROOMS over Tassell's Shoe Store, in Powning's New Brick, east side of Virginia street. All work skillfully performed and satisfaction guaranteed.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered for the painless extraction of teeth. Office hours from 9 A. M. until 5 P. M.

DR. C. J. MULLEN,

OFFICE SUNDERSLAND'S BUILDING,

VIRGINIA STREET.

Hours—9 to 11 A. M. and 3 to 5 P. M. Jy 26ff.

M. J. CURTIS,

ARCHITECT AND BUILDER.

RENO, NEVADA

Plans Furnished and Estimates Given.

Residence and place of business—Cor. First and Stevenson streets. First

G. E. HOLESWORTH,

ARCHITECT AND BUILDER.

RENO, NEVADA.

Plans Furnished, and Estimates Given.

AGENT FOR STEEL ROOFING.

Residence and place of business—Corner of First and Virginia streets. my26

GRAND

CARNIVAL MASQUERADE BALL!

By the

KNIGHTS of HONOR

THURSDAY, EVENING, NOV. 27, 1899.

(Thanksgiving night).

Prizes for best dressed lady and gentleman, Best home made costume, most original character, lady and gentleman. Best group of six or over, and best sustained characters.

Maskers' Tickets, - - - - \$1 00

Spectators' " " " " 50

R. W. PARRY,

PROPRIETOR OF

MURKIN

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable

STOCK CORRALS AND SCALDS.

Reno, Nevada. First-Class Turn-outs Transient Stock Carefully Provided For.

CHARGES TO SUIT THE TIMES

WM. PINNICK,

APOTHECARY.

2, Virginia Street, - - - Reno.

Prescriptions, Pure Drugs and Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Perfumes and Toilet Articles Generally.

—AT—

Reasonable Prices.

UNION SALOON.

NORTHWEST CORNER OF VIRGINIA AND Second Streets.

RENO.

CHASE & CHURCH, Proprietors.

The best quality of

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Best Fine Billiard and Pool Tables attached for the accommodation of guests.

A Yore's Brands of Whisky a Specialty

Daily Nevada State Journal.

PRICE OF DAILY JOURNAL,
12 1/2 CENTS PER WEEK.

BREVITIES.

Bar silver 104.
A. O. Foster is resting easily.
A big house to hear Dr. Fleming again last night.
For window glass, all sizes, go to Lange & Schmitt.

Wallace Coffin and wife of Dayton are visiting Reno friends.

Do not fail to attend the K. of H. macquerade ball this evening.

No JOURNAL will be issued from this office to-morrow morning.

M. M. Ester, of California, was a passenger for New York yesterday morning.

All persons indebted to the JOURNAL are requested to call at the office and square accounts.

Judge J. H. McMillan, of Winnemucca, is about to remove to Ogden and open a law office there.

The public schools of Elko have closed on account of the prevalence of scarlet fever in that town.

Captain Roberts, of Truckee, owner of the steam wagons which ply near that place, was in Reno yesterday.

Miss Annie McLaughlin returned yesterday morning on the delayed train from an extended visit through the East.

Frank Norcross, County Surveyor elect, went up to Truckee yesterday afternoon to do some surveying at that place.

A Chinaman was knocked down and run over by a runaway team in Tuscarora, Monday. He was fatally injured.

S. T. Gage, of the S. P. R. R., was a passenger on yesterday morning's train, intending to go as far as Salt Lake.

Capt. Warner left yesterday morning for the Reservation where he will immediately enter upon his duties as Indian agent.

Go to Lange & Schmitt for heating stoves, cook stoves, ranges and house furnishing goods. Largest variety and best values.

L. Brooks, of the cattle buying firm of Hayes, Carrick & Co., arrived yesterday morning from the eastern part of the State.

T. B. Hofer and E. B. Rail, of Carson, came down on the local yesterday, and proceeded on to the Bay on the afternoon train.

The public school gave a very pleasant entertainment yesterday afternoon. The pupils acquitted themselves with their usual excellence.

Robt. T. Hofer, of the Carson Mint, came down from Carson on yesterday's noon local and departed for San Francisco on the afternoon overland.

All New York was shocked Monday morning on learning of the sudden death of August Belmont, financier, politician, art patron and man of affairs.

Dr. Fleming lectures again Friday and Saturday nights at Armory Hall. No charge is made for admission and it is worth a great deal to see him pull teeth.

A scheme is on foot in Salt Lake to open up 100,000 acres of beautiful land in Southern Utah for agricultural purposes. The company will incorporate shortly with \$500,000 capital.

Ex Governor and ex-Senator Newton Booth, of Sacramento, and Hon. T. G. Phelps, Collector of the Port at San Francisco, spent yesterday in Reno, and returned to the Bay last night.

Senator Leland Stanford and wife, and Private Secretary Nash, passed through yesterday morning for Washington. The Senator and wife now enjoy good health, and were in very cheerful spirits.

Wells, Fargo & Co., through Sept. J. J. Valentine, has ordered a Thanksgiving turkey presented to every married employee, and to every single man who cares for a mother or sister. Good for Fargo.

All the barber shop will be closed on Thursday, Thanksgiving, at 1 o'clock, the same as on Sundays, and will remain closed until Friday morning. Customers should govern themselves accordingly.

Dr. T. J. Reid, of Hawthorne, who is an Assemblyman elect to the coming State Legislature, from Esmeralda county, passed through Reno yesterday morning on his way home from a visit to San Francisco.

Frank Porter, who lost his leg by being run over by the cars about two months ago, returned from Sacramento yesterday morning. All the trainmen about and many of his other friends crowded around to greet his return.

Virginia Enterprise: The kids of the Comstock have inaugurated the "ghost dance," and hold forth on a vacant lot in the eastern suburbs of the city. It is reported to be a weird and blood-curdling spectacle.

Union Thanksgiving services will be held at the M. E. Church. The sermon will be preached by the Rev. John Barr, the other pastors taking part in the exercises. Everybody go to the church at 11 A. M., then enjoy your dinner with a thankful heart.

Opal Mine Discovered.
An opal mine has been discovered on the Farm of Wm. Leasure, five miles from Pullman, on Missouri flat, Washington, and nearly 200 mining claims have been staked out. The opals are found 26 feet below the surface of the ground in rock and gravel, and were first discovered while digging a well.

Thanksgiving Exercises.

The Thanksgiving exercises given by the members of the Alpha Literary Society of the Reno High School yesterday afternoon were well planned and well carried out. After a short time spent in singing by the school, President Cunningham took the chair and called the society to order, after which the minutes of the last meeting were read by the Secretary, Katharine Mapes. Everything was conducted in true parliamentary order, the presiding officers evincing a knowledge of the duties that would put many older people to shame, and acquitting themselves with dignity and decorum.

An unusual number of visitors was present and all seemed to be pleased with the entertainment furnished them. The recitations, essays, and particularly the musical selections, were of a character to prove the high standard our schools have attained under their present able management.

Patriotism may and should be taught in all the schools of our land; and, although religion in the form of sectarianism is properly strictly prohibited, no one can object to the teaching of praise and thanks giving to "Him from whom all blessings flow," and such are taught in exercises of the character of those given yesterday by the Alpha Literary Society.

So let the good work go on, help it along, parents, friends, and patrons of the school, show a little more friendly interest by visiting more frequently the departments in which your children are being educated; speak a kindly word of encouragement and praise of the work, say, even of the teacher when you can honestly do so. Remember the public schools are the bulwark of the nation's manhood and womanhood.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, keeps the mouth and throat sweet and healthy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. feb. 21-sw-ly

The Golden Days Revived.

The whole town of Oroville is excited over the output of gold from the Golden Gate mine, which is increasing daily. The gravel is paying better than it was at first supposed, and it is expected that when her rock is reached \$5 to the pan will be realized. Every clear day before the rains set in it is calculated \$500 a minute will be thrown out. It is now predicted that the sum of \$10,000,000, which was promised the shareholders, will reach \$15,000,000. Visitors are now prohibited from going into the mine.

Fish for Anybody.

Carson Appeal: There are a few million fish at the end of Washoe Lake, entirely land-locked. They are being rapidly destroyed by cranes and pelicans, and if not taken away by parties who wish to stock their own private ponds they will soon be gone. The water is not over a foot deep, and unless a storm sets in, raising the lake high enough to release them, they will be packed in the ice the first cold snap, but not shipped. Perch and white fish seem to prevail.

California Weather.

The "Indian Summer" has thus far extended through the month of November, says the S. F. Bulletin. Not in twenty years has there been such a long series of delightful Autumn days. The little dash of rain in October laid the dust temporarily, and in a few instances where the storm was heaviest, it hurt the wine grapes. But since that Autumnal rain there have been about six weeks of "Indian Summer." With the exception of one "norther" the days were windless.

Report of the Life-Saving Service.

The annual report of General Superintendent Kimball of the Life-Saving Service, shows that the number of disasters to documented vessels within the field of station operations during the year was 584. On board these vessels were 3,197 persons, of whom 3,159 were saved. The estimated value of the vessels and cargoes were \$7,555,908. Of this \$5,451,843 was saved. The number of vessels totally lost was 76. In addition, there were 145 casualties to smaller craft.

Are You Sick?

Dr. J. E. Fleming has his office at the Golden Eagle Hotel. He will remain only until Monday and invites all troubled with chronic diseases to call upon him. Dr. Fleming has operated 109 times for cataract (total blindness) and has never lost an eye. No man of his age has been more universally successful. A regular graduate in medicine. If you are interested at all investigate. Examinations and consultation free.

A Broken Connecting Rod.

The Carson & Colorado passenger train last Sunday was delayed three hours by breaking a connecting rod on the locomotive and bursting the boiler a point twenty miles south of Hawthorne. A hand-car messenger ran to Hawthorne, and a locomotive was sent to the relief of the disabled and delayed train.

Hastings' Cornet Band played last night for the ball at Wadsworth.

Arthur McEwen on Journalism.

While it is true that newspaper men can't afford to board at Maiten Riche, now that Somali is no more, says Arthur McEwen in a recent letter to the Virginia Chronicle, there is not a city in the country where they are better paid. Of course there are no towering New York salaries for managing editors. I dare say the highest here does not go much beyond \$5,000. Several men in responsible positions get that amount. Editorial writers command from \$50 to \$75 a week and have leisure for other work, if able and inclined to it. City editors are paid from \$40 to \$60, and an intelligent, active reporter, with a turn for writing on occasions superior to routine news gathering can do as well as the city editor here. Drudgery is poorly paid. Independent writers with a versatility that enables them to produce any sort of matter required by the dailies and weeklies, and who attach themselves to no particular paper, can, if they have industry and a little business judgment in marketing their wares, earn an income as good, if not better, than any managing editor enjoys. It is not because newspaper men here, or anywhere else for that matter, are poor because they are not reasonably well paid. It is because they are commonly spend-thrifts that they remain in poverty. I know a lad who three years ago was in jackets and got \$5 a week as an office boy in a business house. He wrote something for one of the newspapers which pleased the city editor, who sent for him and tempted him with the offer of a salary of \$7.50. Nature intended the boy for journalism, and now his trained talents bring him \$50 and often more a week. Had he remained in the business house it is probable that he would have risen to the stool of a junior clerk by this time, with a salary of \$8 or \$9. But the chances are that fifteen or twenty years from now the junior clerk who has his stool will have a business of his own and be living in a fine house, while the phenomenally bright journalist will be not much better off than he is at present, unless he has in him a commercial strain in which case he will save his money and get a newspaper of his own. But the emperment and order of mind which make a first-rate journalist are seldom joined to the qualities which create the business man. When the combination does occur we get a Dana, a Halstead, a Waterson, a Pulitzer—men who have a position and exert an influence that no mere money gatherer, and no mere newspaper writer, can by any possibility hope to rival. And it may be added that this sort of journalist never runs up \$700 bills at French restaurants in the days of his youth and obscurity. But, after all, the easy-going, thrifty and unambitious Bohemian has his compensations.

One of these is a cheerful spirit. The little dialogue which follows has been given me as new. It's good anyway:
First Bohemian—Had your breakfast yet Fred?
Second Bohemian—Lord yes; three days ago.

The Carson Appeal is responsible for the following: There is war in the kingdom of -oobbery. Ward McAllister was at Mrs. Vanderbilt's a few days ago dining, and when some cold duck came in remarked that hashed chicken couldn't masquerade as pate de foie-gras, not if he knew it. Mrs. Vanderbilt patted him over the head with a skillet and the footman footed him out of house. Call out the troops.

Isaac Clements, U. S. Pension Agent at Chicago, desires information of Martha Nyberg, formerly of Reno, Nevada, a pensioner on the rolls. Leave word at the Reno postoffice.

Read the Thanksgiving story, poetry and other interesting matter on the fourth page.

Louis J. Cohn has returned from his trip to the Bay, greatly improved in health.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. Distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of the bowels, are some of the more common symptoms. Dyspepsia does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet purely and efficiently. It tones the stomach and other organs, regulates the digestion, creates a good appetite, and by thus overcoming the local symptoms removes the source of the trouble. Headache, the effects of the disease, banishes the headache, and refreshes the tired mind. "I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness, or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble, I think, was aggravated by my business, which is that of a painter, and from being sick I took food paint. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla—three bottles. It did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced." GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

COTTAGE FOR SALE.

A NEW, HANDSOME AND COMMODIOUS cottage for sale. Has 6 large rooms, pantry, closet and bath. Good cellar. Supplied with water and gas. Located on Second street, destined to be the most favored residence street of Reno. Three thousand dollars will buy the cottage, and lot 192130. Enquire of JOURNAL OFFICE.

FIFTY-CENT COLUMN.

All classes of legitimate advertisement not exceeding six lines, inserted in this column at 50 Cents per Week.

For Sale.
One Steinway piano, Parlor and bedroom set complete. All first-class. Enquire at this office. n231w

For Sale.
Five hundred good breeding ewes for sale. Enquire of
FAIRBANKS & WILSON, Reno.

Potatoes for Sale.
I have the best potatoes in the Reno market for sale.
All who want spuds should apply to
n219w
P. SATURNO, Reno.

Short Hand Instruction.
Having completed a course in short hand I am prepared to give instruction in the same. The Electric System is the only system that can be learned in from four to six months. Terms reasonable. For further particulars address F. O. 327, Reno, Nev.
n219w
H. E.

Store to Lease.
My store on the corner of Virginia street and Commercial is now to lease with or without fixtures. Also a horse, buggy and harness for sale.
n218w
THOMAS BARNETT.

To the Public.
Messrs. P. J. Kelly and P. L. Flannigan are authorized to solicit and receive subscriptions for the liquidation of the debt on the Reno Catholic Church. All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged.
n218w
REV. M. KELLY, Secretary.
RENO, Oct. 24, 1890.

Notice.
Came to my place about Oct. 15, a brown horse four years of age, branded "L" on the left hip and vented on the left shoulder. Has four white feet. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying charges.
n21
JOHN HYMERS.

To Let for the Winter.
A part of or my entire residence, furnished. Apply at my office in Sunderland's building.
n218w
DR. H. BERGSTEN.

Girl Wanted.
A girl wanted to do general housework. Enquire at
n218w
F. LEVY & BRO.

To Stockmen and Others.
J. Westlake makes to order men's heavy French kip shoes, full stitch, for \$5. Try a pair. Repairing cheap and prompt. Opposite the Post Office.
n218w

H. LETER,
THE BON TON TAILOR.
Has just received a fine line of Tail goods, both FRENCH AND DOMESTIC.

SUITS made to order cheaper than any other place in the city. A perfect fit guaranteed or no sale.

Virginia Street, near Commercial Row, Reno, Nev.
n218w

SHOEMAKER & RUTH,
DRUGGISTS,

—And Dealers in—
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Window-Glass, Mouldings, Etc.

MIXED PAINTS,
ALL COLORS.

ARCADE SALOON.

H. E. DAVIS & CO., PROPRIETORS

THIS SALOON IS FITTED UP IN THE MOST modern style, and is presided over by Harry Davis, formerly of the Depot Hotel, whom everybody knows.

THE BAR IS SECOND TO NONE

In the State, being always provided with the best of everything.

Give Mr. Davis a call and be convinced.
n218w

PALACE RESTAURANT,

IN PALACE HOTEL,RENO, NEVADA

J. GODFREY, Proprietor.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS,

DAY OR NIGHT.

OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE

The public can rest assured that the Palace Restaurant will be maintained in a first-class manner.

NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT FRANK M. Payne has this day commenced suit against Mrs. A. E. Lane, in the Justice Court of Reno Township, Washoe county, Nevada, to foreclose a lien held by him against the building on town lot No. 7, Block 11, on the northwest corner of Lake and Fourth streets, in the town of Reno aforesaid, and also upon said lot of land under the Act of the Legislature of Nevada, entitled "An Act to secure liens to mechanics and others, and to repeal all other Acts in relation thereto." Approved March 2, 1875, and all amendments in relation thereto, or Acts supplementary thereto; and all persons holding or claiming liens under the provisions of said Act are hereby notified to appear at said Court in the town of Reno, Nevada, on the 17th day of December, 1920, at 10 o'clock, A. M., then and there to make proof of their said liens, in all respects in accordance with the provision of said law.
Reno, Nev., Nov. 21st, 1920.
WM. R. YOUNG, J. P.
H. A. WALDO, Attorney for Plaintiff.
It is soiled 9 15

T. K. HYMERS,
TRUCKER, LIVRY, FEED AND SALE

Stable,
Cor. Stone and Second Sts. Reno, Nev.

Horses, Buggies and Harnesses
—TO LET—
And Horses Boarded by the Day, Week or Month. Terms to suit the times.

We have also attached a large Hay Rack with good stables. Also Corns for sale at well watered. REASON TO LET

PALACE DRY GOODS STORE.

GRAND SOUVENIR SALE

AT
THE PALACE
Dry Goods and Carpet House.
Commencing Monday, November 10th.

The advantage of having an experienced buyer in the market who is ever ready to procure rare values when there is an opportunity, will be readily seen by a visit to our establishment. Purchases made by him under the most favorable conditions in regard to prices will enable us to offer many articles which are particularly well adapted for this time of year as

Great Bargains,
And with these Bargains shall present to our customers a **Beautiful Little Souvenir.**

Dress Goods,

At 25 cents—15 pieces whalebone Serges in all new shades and black, 25 cents per yard.
At 25 cents—10 pieces ombre-striped double wide Ladies' Cloth, worth 50 cents.
At 50 cents—7 pieces black Mohair Sicilian, grand value, at 50 cents per yard.
At 50 cents—8 pieces black Alpaca, exceptionally fine goods, worth double.
At 75 cents—6 pieces black silk finish Alpaca, a gem, worth \$1.
At \$1—6 pieces black Mohair Sicilian, durable and silky worth \$1.25.
At 50 cents—15 pieces 42-inch wide all wool Ladies' Cloths in all the leading shades, considered a bargain at 75c.
At 25c and 35c—50 dozen children's and Misses' white Merino Vests and Pants, good quality and well finished at 25 cents and 35 cents each.
At 25 cents—35 dozen Misses' all wool Cashmere Hose, in black and solid colors, sizes 5 to 8½, worth 50 cents.

We are HEADQUARTERS for Stylish CLOAKS, WRAPS and JACKETS, in Cloth and Sealette at VERY LOW PRICES as we are dealing direct with the manufacturer.

In CARPETS, LINOLEUM, WALL PAPER and DECORATIONS we carry a large assortment and newest designs.

Respectfully,

The Palace Dry Goods House

Country Orders receive prompt and careful attention.

OPERA HOUSE DRY GOODS STORE.

THE
Opera House Dry Goods Store
STILL IN THE LEAD!

No Attention Paid to the McKinley Bill.

Goods sold at the old prices, no extra charge made for imported goods.

\$25,000 Worth of Dry Goods,
Men's And Boy's Clothing,

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Ladies' and Gents' All-Wool Underwear, in fact, one of the Largest Stocks of Dry Goods and Clothing ever seen west of the Rockies.

It is an evident fact, and the people all unite in the same verdict and affirm that they can purchase

More Goods, Better Goods,

—At the—

OPERA HOUSE DRY GOODS STORE,

Than can be purchased for **Double** the amount at any other place on the Pacific Coast.

Call and be Convinced that your money will hold out by purchasing your goods at the—

Opera House Dry Goods Store,

C. W. BOOTON,
Proprietor

A THANKSGIVING HYMN

For bud and for bloom and for balm hidden bloom,
For the orange and apple, the corn and the cane,
For the beauty of dawn and the brightness of noon,
For the light in the night of the stars and the moon,
We praise thee, gracious God.

For the sun ripened fruit and the billowy grain,
For the orange and apple, the corn and the cane,
For the beautiful harvests now gathered and stored,
That by thee in the lap of the nations were poured,
We praise thee, gracious God.

For the blessings of friends, for the old and the new,
For the hearts that are trusted and trusting and true,
For the tones that we love, for the light of the eye
That warms with a welcome and gleams with good-by,
We praise thee, gracious God.

That the desolate poor may find shelter and bread,
That the sick may be comforted, nourished and fed,
That the sorrow may cease of the sighing and sad,
That the spirit bowed down may be lifted and glad,
We pray thee, plying Lord.

That brother the hand of his brother may clasp
From ocean to ocean in friendliest grasp,
That for north and for south and for east and for west
The horror of war be forever at rest,
We pray thee, plying Lord.

For the blessings of earth and of air and of sky
For the crown of all blessings since blessing begun,
For the gift, "the unspeakable gift," of thy Son,
We praise thee, gracious God.
—S. E. Adams.

HOW SHE FOUND JACK.

A THANKSGIVING STORY OF THE EAST AND THE WEST.

"Yes, I be goin' west ter Jack," she repeated softly to herself, as if she feared being overheard.

Her resolve sent a glow to the faded cheeks of the aged woman, and her hands trembled so much that she found difficulty in completing the household tasks, which the family had left for her to do.

"If Peter suspects of a suddint as I be aimin' ter run away from him an' go out west ter Jack he'd come pottin' right home from them doins at Ligonier an' stop me. Then I reckon I'd be shut up in the insane house, like his wife once threatened so fierce like. Well, I be goin' ter try mynigh strong ter git away," and with sprightly movements that seemed to belie her years the woman began to dress as if for a long journey.

Satisfying herself that she had everything ready which she wished to take with her, she dropped on her aged knees by her bedside, and sent up her last prayer in the home that had been hers for so many, many years, and asked God to be with her on her journey, and forgive them who had so cruelly treated her.

Strengthened by her prayer, and taking up an ancient looking carpet bag, she left the comfortable house on the mountain side, and walked rapidly away through the trees.

Reaching a little hillock the aged woman stopped and looked behind her. She suddenly realized how hard it is for one of her years to break away forever from scenes and associations that had become a part of her life.

Her eyes grew moist as she gazed at the meadows and woods tinted with gold and brown in the late autumn. Her gaze dwelt, too, on the pretty, plump cows, which many a time her hands had fed and milked.

Then her eyes wandered back to the comfortable Pennsylvania farm house, with its fruitful orchards and well filled barns, and over the fields stretching away far down in the lovely valley; and on to the picturesque mountains with their evergreen vegetation.

"Good-by, ole home!" she said, with a touching quaver in the voice which all her loveless years had not robbed of its motherly sweetness; "I be runnin' away from ye. Pears like ter Lord has gun me ter see clear as it be ther only way I'm ter snatch a bit o' rail happiness in this life. Oh, fields an' home an' mountains! I be lookin' my last on yer. I'm off ter find Jack."

Across the fields the little old woman, sad faced and heart hungry, trudged on carefully through the wild blackberry vines, then into a narrow path and out at a small gap in the fence to the broad, beaten path that wound in and out among the beautiful wild laurel at the foot of the mountains. Then picking her way across a limpid trout stream she reached a crossing where the train often stopped to pick up country passengers.

"I reckon Peter an' his wife's sure swear as I be crazy if they'd kitch me," she said, glancing apprehensively about her, as if she expected to see a pursuer.

But not a person was in sight. Everybody except perhaps the indifferent mountaineers had doubtless followed the example of Peter Tompkins and his family, and gone to Ligonier to the "doings."

She had not waited more than a half hour when a heavy, rumbling sound fell on her ears. The train was coming! How her poor old heart leaped as the shrill whistle resounded among those laurel enameled hills!

Her steps did not falter, however, as she approached the track, waving her shawl as a signal for them to stop. The conductor saw her, stopped the train and helped her aboard. He could not avoid noticing how neat she was, and though she must have been over 70 years old how sprightly she was.

"Where to?" he asked kindly, having seated her comfortably in the train.

"Ter Pittsburg," she replied, taking out an old fashioned reticule. Opening it she disclosed her knitting and a clean, yellow cotton handkerchief, in the folds of which she kept her money, the little sums which Jack had sent her from time to time from the far west, and others which were the fruits of her own industry.

At Pittsburg she bought a through ticket to Denver, Colo.

"It's a long, trespone trip for one of your years," remarked the conductor, who had assisted her.

"Yes, I reckon it be," she returned, "but that be worse things ter endure in this life than long trips on kyars—them

I be mighty sprylike fur a to'ble ole woman."

"You have friends out there?"

"Yes; I be goin' ter Jack."

"And you're going all alone?" he asked sympathizingly.

"Ther Lord, he be with me," she replied with one of her dear, old motherly smiles.

He did not leave her until he had seen her seated on the right train; then he went home to his young wife and baby, and, with tears in his manly eyes, told of the old lady who was traveling all the long distance from the Pennsylvania mountains to some wild place in the far away west.

At Chicago a roughly clad, but kindly natured, elderly westerner, Silas Carrick by name, boarded the train for Denver. He became interested at once in the little old fashioned woman, who reminded him in so many ways of his own mother, long since laid to rest in a hillside burying ground of New England.

After traveling a short time Silas Carrick, guessing her look said, to her:

"I guess, mother, ye be fur from yer ole home, and ther change makes yer feel sorter lonesome like."

"Well, ther change has kinder upst me," she admitted. "So different from ther mountings whar I was raised in Pennsylvania. I never reckoned on Jack's bein' so fur off."

"Jack?" Silas Carrick asked.

"Yes, Jack—Jack Tompkins—he's my youngest, an' I be goin' out ter him," she answered.

"What does he foller fur a livin' in Colorado?" Silas questioned.

"He use ter herd sheep fur a man about ther gulches and sich places, an' done to'ble well like out thar," she said. "But it's been two years since I heard from Jack myself, though Peter got a letter from him long this summer. So I be sure as Jack's well; but Peter never showed me ther letter, an' I don't know 'actly whar ter find my boy."

"An' who's Peter?" asked the good hearted, if inquisitive, Silas.

"Peter? W'y, he's my oldest boy. Peter an' Jack be all ther children I have livin'." Peter lives in Pennsylvania, an' he's married an' got a big family. It don't seem as I orto tell yer my family troubles, but I reckon travelin' so fur tergether makes us not strangers to each other; then talkin' over a body's worries kinder gins relief."

"Yer kin trust me, mother," said the big westerner.

"Peter was ther oldest o' ther boys I raised, an' allus a mite bossy like ter pore Jack. Jack was all of a dozen years younger'n Peter, an' he was wild full o' life an' go, an' jest a wee bit wild, with nothing very bad about him. His heart's a big one an' in ther right place, an' I believe ther Lord o' all will rescue my Jack yet. I hain't lost my faith none."

"Well, when Peter got married an' come ter live with Jack an' me he went ter bossin' Jack more'n he, so highstrung like, would bear. So he use an' runs away out west, an' ther first thing I knowed he wrote as he was tendin' critters on a ranch in Colorado."

"Then I gin in ter Peter's persuadin', an' made my property over ter him, with ther understandin' as he was ter keep me an' keef fur me durin' my natural life. But he growed greedy an' graspin', an' I reckon tired o' me, though ther good Lord knows as I was spry in don't enough ter 'arn my eatin' an' clo'se. An' Peter's wife was a dreadful, scoldin' woman, an' was overbearin' toward me."

"Then ther children went ter school, which I was mighty proud of. But they'd come home an' make speeches on my quare talk ter hurt me sore."

"So it wore on till ther worry got erway with me, an' I threated right out ter Peter's wife as I would run off an' work somewhars by ther day's work. But she snapped out as I'd better try runnin' erway of I wanted ter git myself shut up in ther insane house fur addled old women. Then Peter an' her talked so much about doin' me that way if I complained any more that I jest held my peace. I was jest waitin' my time, an' when they was all gone from ther farm ter a doin's I run off with a few traps an' started fur ther west an' Jack; and as she closed her simple recital she leaned back and wept softly.

Silas Carrick fumbled nervously in his pocket for his big, blue cotton handkerchief, which he vigorously used. When Mrs. Tompkins had ceased her crying Silas asked:

"An' yer don't know 'actly whar yer boy is?"

"No, but I reckon I'll find him," she answered hopefully. "The same Father above that set a bright, shinin' star ter guide them three men 'cross the desert in the fur east still watches over this strayin' sheep, an' will sure lead me ter my Jack."

"Well, mother, ef yer'll let me I be goin' ter help yer find Jack," said Silas.

She carried his big, old worn hat to her face and pressed her lips to it. And so the promise was accepted and sealed.

Silas Carrick was like a son to the lone old woman. When they arrived at Denver he placed her under the care of a good woman, who had been a neighbor of his in Illinois.

Silas had been in Colorado before and knew some stock dealers in Denver. To these he went, making diligent inquiries about Jack Tompkins. But they could give him no information. So the days lengthened into weeks, and nothing had been learned of the whereabouts of Jack. However, faithful Silas did not relinquish the search.

It wanted two days to Thanksgiving, and the snow was falling softly over the beautiful city of the plains. An aged woman, with hair like the snowflakes, stood at a window, looking with longing eyes down the busy street at the crowds passing ceaselessly. "Thar powerful kind ter me here," she said to herself. "But it's different from bein' with a body's own. Them folks out in town seems mighty happy an' gay, an' thar's a sight o' 'em passin' 'erbout, but, my Lord! then knowest ther loneliness o' my ole heart. Help me ter find my Jack."

As if in immediate answer to her prayer the door opened, and Silas Carrick

stood, flushed and excited, before her.

"Yer kin rejoice, mother! I've jest heard from a cowboy whar yer Jack is," he said.

"Ther Lord, he be good! His mercy endures allus," she cried. "Tell me 'erbout my Jack."

"Ther cowboy said as Jack has a farm or ranch o' his own over in Cedar Gulch, an' he's doin' fust rate. But, mother, and he took her hand kindly, "don't be skeered when I tell yer. Jack be laid up in his cabin in the gulch. His pony throwed him, but he's gittin' better now."

"My pore boy! Take me ter him, Silas," she implored.

It was Thanksgiving day, and the sun beamed down upon Cedar Gulch pleasantly, its light striking a little cabin that nestled on the bank of a clear mountain stream.

Jack Tompkins was able to hobble to the little fireplace for the first time since he had been laid up by what had been almost a fatal accident for him.

"An' this be Thanksgiving' day among civilized folks," he said to his hired man.

"Well, Ben, I be spendin' it fur different from whar I aimed. I lowed ter go back ter Pennsylvania an' take Thanksgiving' an' Christmas with my ole mother. I hain't seen her fur goin' on sixteen year, I reckon. An' pore mother! Pete writes as she be helpless with ther rheumatism. Ben, I hate myself fur gittin' on ther drunk an' ridin' my pony like mad, an' gittin' throwed over ther rocks. I'm too mean ter live, an' I don't feel a mite thankful fur nuthin' fur sparin' my orny life. If I'd behaved myself an' staid sober I could'n gin a mother such a surprise, an' though I hain't much force I know it'd be a plumb Thanksgiving' ter mother to see her Jack agin."

"Yes, an' I low, Jack, you'd gin right smart o' thanks ter be tucked up an' sot right down by yer mammy this minute," remarked Ben.

"That I would," and Jack bowed his head thoughtfully.

Ben went out of the cabin for more wood to pile on the fireplace; but before he had gathered up a stick some one called out:

"Hello!"

Ben turned and saw a span of mules hitched to a light wagon, in which sat a big, robust man and a little old woman, with a veil tied over her face.

"Is this yer cabin o' Jack Tompkins?" the man asked.

"It is, stranger," returned Ben.

"Be yer Jack?"

"No; Jack's in ther cabin by ther fire. He's been sorter used up fur a spell."

Ben approached the wagon, and Silas Carrick sprang out to whisper in his ear:

"Say, pardner, ther little ole woman I have brung, an' a weepin' soft tears o' joy back o' her veil, be Jack's mother, come all the way from Pennsylvania ter hold Thanksgiving' with her boy."

"Jack was just talkin' 'erbout her ter me," replied Ben in a husky voice. "He's real down hearted."

"Wall, he'll have cause for thanksgivin' now," answered Silas. "Here, mother, let me help yer out," and he took her in his strong arms and lifted her carefully to the ground. Then supporting the trembling form to the door he said, "Jack's in thar, mother; yer go right on in." He opened the door of the cabin for her, kindly helped her in, then closed it behind her. "Yo'n me be goin' ter stay out hyer, pardner," he said to Ben, "till that meetin' over between 'em."

At that moment there were two simultaneous cries of joy, and the men outside knew that the aged runaway was clasped to Jack's breast. They walked quickly away and began to unhitch the team.

About an hour later Ben and Silas entered the cabin, where they found Jack and his mother sitting side by side near the fireplace, he holding her dear old hands in his big ones, while her motherly face beamed with perfect happiness.

"This is my Jack," she said proudly, by way of introduction, to Silas.

"Yer my own brother, Silas Carrick," he cried, grasping Silas' hand; "after all yer've done fur my mother I couldn't never call yer aught else. Besides, I'm in need of an own brother. I hain't got none," he said, with a supreme contempt that utterly ignored the relationship of Peter Tompkins.

As Silas Carrick returned the pressure of Jack's hand and looked into the clear blue eyes, that revealed a kindly nature, he felt satisfied that the mother would never lack for love and truest attention from her Jack.

"A feller never gits too old ter need mother," he said; "an' I hain't begin ter speak my obligations ter Providence fur bein' so good in bringin' mother safe ter me. I want ter just git Peter Tompkins out o' my head, an' think only o' good things an' good folks, as'll help me ter be the better man I'm aimin' ter make o' myself. I was awful down spirited like, but now my Thanksgiving's runnin' over!"

"An' so be mine!" cried Jack's mother.

"Ther Lord has restored me ter complete happiness, after all my trouble, with my Jack on this blessed Thanksgiving'."—A. H. Gibson, in New York Observer.

A Thanksgiving Invitation.

MY DEAR MR. TURKEY—May we count on your presence at dinner on Thursday, the 28th? No great preparation is needed, as we feel sure you will be well dressed. You will be the cynosure of all eyes and the object of open mouthed admiration.

You will meet with a hearty reception from some men, who will come to dinner after the exercises of the morning, which may be violent, and you need not fear but that several pretty girls, who are to be present, will like you very much. Your old friend, Cranberry Sauce, will be placed near you—and you two always got along beautifully together, you know. The paterfamilias will pay you marked attention and see that you are not monopolized by any one person.

Poor old grandma, whose teeth are not what they used to be, is especially counting on your remark. Your old friend, Cranberry Sauce, will be a fact that even the cook anticipates your coming, and is making great preparations in consequence.

You will be surrounded by pretty girls, and be in the midst of those who will be sure to appreciate you. We look to you to appeal to the inner consciousness of our guests. Until Thursday, then, be a turkey.

P. S.—It may take you a long time to reach the lips of some of the girls. Take warning—you won't be permitted to linger long in that enviable position.

—Adapted from Life.

IN THE NEW YORK MARKETS.

Turkey, the Sovereign Bird, Receives the Homage of the Metropolis.

The few days that immediately precede Thanksgiving are great days in the New York markets, and the day before Thanksgiving is something enormous. If living turkeys could only foresee the homage that would be paid them on this day they would no doubt run to the headman's block without urging, and stretch their necks for the ax.

For in truth the honors paid to this kindly bird at this season are amazing. All day a great crowd throngs Washington and Fulton markets, the principal manueuvres of the honored fowl. At nightfall Vesey street is almost impassable, and the neighborhood of West and Washington streets is packed with people carrying baskets, bags and even portmanteaus.

Around on all sides, glorified by the golden gaslight, hang the shapely turkeys, with crimson rosettes, like stars of the Legion of Honor, pinned on their exuberant breasts. Sacredly guarding the dead stand the undertakers, commonly known as poultry dealers; stout, rubicund, argumentative, loud voiced, and, strange to say, jolly. Why strange? of course they are jolly, and so would the turkeys be if they were alive! For all the men, women and children in the crowd are intensely jolly, and rightly consider that they have not come to witness a burial, but an apotheosis of turkeys.

A sad eyed little widow, leading a school girl by the hand, is struck with the delicate beauty of a long necked bird, and offers to see that it is buried with the proper ceremonies, but the undertaker says such a luxury will cost her at the rate of, say, eighteen cents a pound. With a sigh she drops the beautiful fowl and takes another less stately and satisfactory, for which she pays sixteen cents a pound. The eighteen cents a pound bird is snapped up by a plethoric, red faced old gentleman, who wears false teeth and a single eyeglass. After him comes a newly married couple, linked arm in arm and carrying two huge baskets. The husband is tall, angular and ugly; the bride small, sweet and seductive. She yearns for a five dollar bird, whereas he thinks \$3.50 will be enough, and that the rest of the money can be spent on groceries. But she makes the turkey's merits so evident to her spouse that he finally hands over a crisp, new five dollar bill, tucks the bird under his arm and strides off to a vegetable stall, where he pays out \$1.25 for celery, sage, cranberries and cauliflower.

Two young girls who keep house for themselves debate for a quarter of an hour as to whether they shall buy a lean turkey or a fat chicken, and finally buy the chicken. A fractious old gentleman who hears this conversation scowls turkey also, and satisfies himself with a fine looking duck. His wife, a handsome woman, with a red rose in her bonnet, spends nearly half an hour searching for green peas.

A handsome woman, wearing a long seal skin and a queer arrangement of black velvet and crimson ribbon on her head, pays little attention to the turkeys and very much to the crowd. As she stands beside a vegetable stall, under the flaring gaslight, her gorgeous head-dress and pale, statuesque face form a striking contrast to the forest of green behind her, and a painter who could utilize the scene ought to make a small fortune out of it.

Busy as the markets are during the day, they are ten times more busy during the evening. Along the gaslit aisles of Washington market passes a great throng of men and women, their eyes fixed on the long lines of decorated turkeys, chickens, ducks and geese, and their ears apparently deaf to the honeyed invitations of the blue shirted plethoric dealers, who are never tired of expatiating on the succulence, freshness and general beauty of their goods. Now and then a woman will stop, lay down her basket, feel the breast of a turkey with the thumb and forefinger of her right hand, inquire its price, expostulate at the dearth, hesitate a moment or two and then draw out her purse and march homeward with the coveted fowl in her possession. Men buy too, and so do not a few young girls and boys.

All seem to get just what they want, and not many discontented or dissatisfied faces are to be seen at any time, at any of the markets.

What right has any one who is discontented or who hasn't the wherewithal to buy a turkey in the big markets on Thanksgiving eve? They are not wanted here, and the plenty that is so free to the more fortunate would simply make them more discontented.

It is late, very late, when the crowd of buyers begins to grow less, and it is much later when the last cash transaction has been made. How many of the buyers have thought as they provided for their own Thanksgiving cheer of the thousands who will eat no turkey on the morrow?

No one can answer this question, but we know that some have; we know that many baskets have been carried away from the great markets laden with good things for others than the purchasers; we know that while the ostensible spirit of thankfulness has been quite unmothered in many a breast by the spirit of selfish anticipation of good things to eat on the morrow, many a table scantily spread on moist days will then groan under good things thoughtfully and unobtrusively provided by generous hands and hearts and purses.

And there is no better time, well fed reader, whether you live in town or country, for you to mingle generosity to your less fortunate friends with thankfulness for your own material prosperity than this Thanksgiving season.

Thanksgiving is really the highest devotion, the truest mark of the true Christian. It consists, moreover, not of speech only, but of action, of thank offering as well as thanksgiving. So this present great annual national day of thanksgiving ought to bring forth abundant treasure from those on whom God has bestowed his blessing.

VERSES OF THE SEASON.

Walt Whitman's Thanks.

Thanks in old age—thanks are I go,
For health, the midday sun, the impalpable air—
For life, mere life,
For precious ever lingering memories (of you,
My mother, dear you, father—your brother,
My sister, friend),
For all my days—not those of peace alone—the
days of war the same,
For gentle words, caresses, gifts from foreign
lands,
For shelter, wine and meat—for sweet apprecia-
tion,
(You distant, dim unknown—or young, or old—
scarcely unloved, beloved,
We never met, and never shall meet—and yet our
souls embrace, long, close and long)
For beings, groups, loves, deeds, words, books—
for colors, forms,
For all the brave, strong men—devoted, hardy
men—who've forward sprung in freedom's
help, all years, all lands,
For braver, stronger, more devoted men—(a special
laurel are I go to life's war's chosen
ones,
The cannoners of song and thought—the great
artillerymen—the foremost leaders, cap-
tains of the soul)
As soldier from an ended war return'd—As trav-
eler out of myriads, to the long procession
retrospective,
Thanks—joyful thanks—a soldier's, traveler's
thanks!

Walt Whitman in New York World.

The American Feast.

BEFORE THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Happy, happy man!
Tripping gayly long the street,
Loaded down with tidbits sweet,
Loaded down with turkey fat,
Delicacies and all that—
Happy, happy man!

AFTER THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Aching, aching man!
Skulking sadly long the street,
Loaded down with tidbits sweet,
With stuffed turkey, rich and fat,
Delicacies and all that—
Aching, aching man!

—Unidentified.

Little Honora Mullally.

For little Honora Mullally,
At the close of the Thanksgiving day,
Was standing in front of her alley,
A-watching some children at play.
Her gown was a wonderful garment,
All patches from shoulder to hem,
And her hat and her shoes—well, I beg you'll ex-
cuse
Any further remark about them.

But poor little Honora Mullally
Had a face just as bright as could be,
And so flower in meadow or valley
I was over as pretty as she.
And so thought an old woman who, passing,
Stopped a moment to smilingly say,
"Why, bless your dear heart, I am sure you have
had
A very good dinner today."

"Yes, indeed," said Honora Mullally,
"I did, for my friend Mrs. Down
Had a hapse of sweet taters that fall'd,
Her sister, baked lovely and brown,
Wild-oh, ma'am, if you could but have seen it—
The fattest and finest of hinds,
And they giv' me the gizzard and neck of that
hind,
And all of the sweet tater skins."

—Harper's Young People.

Thanksgiving Chimes.

Thanks to our God we pay,
Thanks for the year
Of love and cheer,
Of full food,
Of constant good,
Thanks to our God this day.

Thanks to our God we pay
For morning light,
For noontide's cheer,
For quiet eve,
For peaceful night,
Thanks to our God this day.

Thanks to our God we pay
For winter's snow,
For spring's soft glow,
For summer's glow,
For autumn's show,
Thanks to our God this day.

Thanks to our God we pay
For smile and tear,
For grief and cheer,
For gain, for loss,
For crown, for cross,
Thanks to our God this day.

—B. M. Oford in New York Observer.

The Thanksgiving Turkey.

As Thanksgiving day walks down this way
The structure of turkey is ill at ease;
"I'm poor as the turkey of '91," says he;
"Tough and unfit to eat, you see;
I sobs no more of my pedigree,
Least some poor fellow should gobble me;
And a turkey buzzard I think I'll be,
For the present, if you please."

—Binghamton Republican.

SOME OLD TIME FIGURES.

A Yankee Thanksgiving Ninety-eight
Years Ago.

The following is taken from The Nor-
wich (Conn.) Weekly Register of Novem-
ber, 1793, published by Messrs. Bushnell
& Hubbard:

Thanksgiving day may be a good in-
stitution, but it is more like the day of
destruction than any other day. It may
not be unamusing to take a peep at the
transactions and expense of the whole
week, and see what real good we derive
from this day, and it requires no un-
common intellects to ken the deeds done
by 985,000 people, for the same tragi-
comical scenes are acting in every fam-
ily in this State [Connecticut], Rhode
Island and Massachusetts.

Monday was washing day. Tuesday
a day of darkness and despair among
pigs, turkeys, geese, hens, ducks and
pigeons. Today is a day of eating and
drinking. True it is, a few attend di-
vine service, but just enough, however,
to say we—the principal business of the
day being to gormandize. Every son and
daughter, and son-in-law and daughter-
in-law, with the whole litter of grand-
children, this day make the annual vi-
sit to the old cupboard. To-morrow is a
day for apprentices and servants—a day
of freedom and merriment to every
bondman and every bondwoman. Sat-
urday comes the physician's day, and
tartar emetic by wholesale and retail.
And as 'tis good practice to settle every
Saturday night, we may as well close the
account with the week.

Allowing eight persons to a family,
there are in this State (Connecticut),
Rhode Island and Massachusetts 85,694
families; consequently, upon a moderate
calculation, these three states must
make Thanksgiving day Dr. to about

68,694 mugs of flip,
68,694 mugs of punch,
68,694 mugs of beer,
68,694 mugs of gin,
68,694 mugs of rum,
68,694 mugs of brandy,
68,694 mugs of port,
68,694 mugs of sherry,
68,694 mugs of claret,
68,694 mugs of champagne,
68,694 mugs of sparkling wine,
68,694 mugs of stout,
68,694 mugs of ale,
68,694 mugs of cider,
68,694 mugs of vinegar,
68,694 mugs of oil,
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68,694 mugs of honey,
68,694 mugs of sugar,
68,694 mugs of salt,
68,694 mugs of pepper,
68,694 mugs of cloves,
68,694 mugs of nutmeg,
68,694 mugs of cinnamon,
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68,694 mugs of dill,
68,694 mugs of parsley,
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68,694 mugs of rosemary,
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68,694 mugs of catnip,
68,694 mugs of hyssop,
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68,694 mugs of wormwood,
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